THE TRUTH AT LAST.

MRS. RICHARDSON'S STATEMENT.

HER FULL STORY OF HER MARRIED LIFE-HER R FULL STORY OF HER MARRIED LIFE—HER RELATIONS TO RICHARDSON FROM FIRST TO LAST—A. D. RICHARDSON'S SEALED STATE—MENT LEFT TO BE OPENED AFTER HIS DEATH—CHAS. RICHARDSON'S STATEMENT CONCERNING THE "MERCENARY MARRIAGE"—A. D. RICHARDSON'S MEMORANDUM FOR A WILL.

MICHARDSON.

I feel that I cannot break the silence which heretefore I have rigidly maintained without saying a word as to the cause which leads me to make a public statement. I fully believe that any one of any degree of pride or delicacy will bear reproach and consoul will babble of that which concerns itself most But during the last six months, and not a little during the last three years, I have been exposed to such a storm of public opinion that all others I now, after I have waited in patience the verdict of and Jury, I have decided that I will speak the first and last word I shall ever speak for myself.

and always in the full faith that I was most cruelly vrouged; for their sakes, and for his who lost his life in my behalf. I wish to tell the whole story of When I was once advised to do so and hesitated, a good woman said to me, "Do not be afraid to tell your story once to all the world. Tell it once exactly as you would tell it to your Maker, and then

s I can the whole and simple truth to the minutest efail, reserving nothing and extenuating nothing. n most ung nerously traduced. Once I should have believed of the public press of America that it would be only necessary for it to know the

have defended me where it was a reproach to do soif it had not been for them, I believe I should have een utterly crushed. I have accepted their loving sympathy as the one compensation for all the unakable misery of my lot. Having said thus much, which was in my heart and could not be kept back,

I married Daniel McFarland in 1857. I was a girl of 19, born in Massachusetts, and educated in New-England schools. I had been a teacher, and was just beginning to write a little for the press. Daniel McFarland was an Irishman of 37 or 38, who had received a partial course at Dartmouth College, and had, seven years before I knew him, been admitted to the Massachusetts bar. When I married him, he represented himself to be a member of the bar in Madison, Wisconsin, with a flourishing law practice, brilliant political prespects, and possessed of propprofessed to be a man of temperate habits, of the purest morals, and, previous to my marriage, appeared neither intemperate, nor brutal, nor profane

Immediately after our marriage we made some visits and then went to Madison, as I supposed, to reside permanently. I remember we were detained in New-York during our very bridal tour while he borrowed the money to get back to the West. After we had been in Madison a few weeks Mr. McFarland informed me that he was going to remove to New-York, that all his property consisted of Wisconsin State lands to the amount of a good many thousand acres, on which only a small amount per acre was paid. He told me that there were large opportunities for trading these lands in New-York City, and that he was going to reside there while he disposed of them for real estate or personal property. He told me at the same time that he had no money except just sufficient to pay our fares to the East, and that he had never had any law practice of consequence, having devoted himself solely to land speculations in

We came to New-York, consequently, in February 1858. I was taken ill on the way with a violent cold and fever, and we were detained in Rochester ten days. On leaving Rochester he had to leave his watch and chain in pawn with the hotel-keeper for our board bill. In New-York City he kept me three or four weeks, and then taking all the jewelry I had to the pawnbroker's, to pay the board bill, he sent me home to my father's in New-Hampshire. I simply tell these things to give some idea of how they must have effected a young girl fresh from a comfortable New-England country home, to whom a pawnbroker's shop was almost an unheard-of institution, and not to convey the idea that it was his poverty which

shocked or estranged me. I went home then in less than three months after marriage. He gave me no directions where to write him, and for fourteen days I never heard from him. Nearly beside myself from anxiety, I went to New-Haven, and from thence telegraphed to a friend of his in New-York for news of him. He appeared in two or three days in answer to the telegram. Then, for the first time, I had a vague suspicion that he might be intemperate. But I knew nothing about intemperance. I had never in all my life seen a man drunk, except some accidental drunkard in the street, and I tried to dismiss the suspicion. In a week or two I again went back to my father's, and remained through the Summer of 1858. During this time he came once or twice to visit me, and seemed to be attached to me. But during the short time I had lived with him, I discovered that he was not temperate (although I had not then seen him grossly intoxicated), that he was terribly profane in my presence, and that his temper was very fitful and passionate, and that for some slight or fancied causes he would become sullen and morose, not speaking to me for a day or two. I did not leave my father's roof in the Fall of 1858 without many misgivings; but I was very young and very cheerful in

disposition, and hoped for the best.
On returning to New-York Mr. McFarland hired cottage in Brooklyn, and furnished two or three rooms. For a few weeks I kept a servant, but otherwise I lived all alone, almost without acquaintances, and entirely at this man's mercy. Some of the time -perhaps half of the time-he was good to me, and professed for me the most extravagant and passionate devotion. But he here first began to come home intoxicated. He would also come home sober, bring-ing with him bottles called "Schiedam Schnapps," containing a quart or so of vile liquor, and them by his bedside, and drink NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1870.-TRIPLE SHEET.

begged him not to do this he said "his brain was on fire," and this made him sleep. This is the first time be began to tell me about his "brain being on fire," which was a favorite expression with him after he had been drinking, and to which so many people have testified to his using, on the recent trial for his my first child was born, and all my senses were ner-vously acute, and as I was also, as I believe, a woman of refined taste and feeling, his breath and whole body steaming with the vile liquer which he drank during these nights while I lay awake beside him, been married to him a year my affection for him was very much chilled, I might say nearly destroyed. During this Fall of 1858 he had made two or three trades of his Wisconsin lands for real estate, and had made what he called excellent bargains. But during all the time I was oppressed always by want of money, and with great difficulty got a scanty wardrobe for my baby, which was born in December, 1858.

In November my sister came to visit me, and then I sent away my servant, and we did the housework. at the theater; left her and returned at the close of the matinée grossly intoxicated; made love to her in his drunken foolishness, and frightened her exceedingly. When I reproached him with this conduct he swore he would never drink again, and drew up a written pledge to that effect, which he kept apparently several months. At Christmas time my baby was born, my mother coming on to nurse me baby died at my father's, and was buried in our family burial-place, my father bearing the funeral expenses. In July of '59 I returned again to Mr. Mc-Farland. I remained with him this time about three months. My heart was sorely bruised by the death brutality and violence of Mr. McFarland's temper. I will not enter into the details of his treatment of me during these three months; but it was so bad that in October, 1859, when I returned home, if I had had courage to have told my mother and father of my troubled life, I should probably never have returned to this man. But I could not speak. It was so hard a thing to tell. My ideas of a wife's duty were most conservative. I believed she should suffer almost anto death rather than resist the laws of marriage. I had a conscience sensitive to any appeals against itself, and I tried hard to love my husband and convince myself I was in the wrong. Besides, I was expecting, in a few months, the birth of another child No one shall say I mean this narrative as an appeal to sympathy, but those who believe in my truth must see my case was hard, and realize somewhat the suffering I endured.

In April, 1860, my second child, Percy, was born. While at home during these ten months Mr. McFarland had represented to me that he was doing exceedingly well in business, and had made large trades for real estate to the amount of many thou-Greenwich-st., and was mortgaged to Trinity Church for \$10,000, and afterward sold to recover judgment against him for \$10,800. The other property was in East Fourteenth-st., near the river, a block of tene mortgaged pretty nearly up to their whole value. At all events, I lived at my father's during this year, which he describes as the "year of his prosperity," and did not share in it. Part of this time, for the first and only time in my married life, I paid a very small sum for my board, which was all I ever paid in mention this because Mr. McFarland claims to have apported me while at my home. Two of my children were born at home, and the expenses came principally on my father, although at the birth of my youngest child I paid my physician's bill myself with the results of a public reading which I gave for that

brought against him by some one in Wisconsin for some money which was, as I believe, the borrowed capital with which his Western lands had been purchased. This suit was decided against him by Judge Leonard of New-York city. While it was pending be ready to leave the city, as he might at any time be arrested and prevented from leaving the State. So again in December, 1800, I was sent back to my father's with my baby now six months old. Mr. McFarland soon followed me there and he stayed till February when he told me again to get ready and go away with him. He had at this time \$1,200 which was the largest amount of money I ever knew him to have at any time, and which he said he had got from the sale of a piece of property, put out of his hands at the time judgment was obtained against him. With this he started with myself and Percy for Philadelphia, where he left me saying he was going on to Washington to seek office under Lincoln's incoming administration. In a few weeks he returned and told me he was going West again, as he was disappointed in his political expectation. So we went West in the Spring of 1861 just as the Southern guns were opened on Fort Sumter. We went back to Madison where we had lived previously, took a small house and went to housekeeping. We lived here a year and two months, and this was the happiest ti me of my life with him, although I did my own housework most of the time and took care of my baby. But I was so thoroughly weary of the terrible vagabondish life I had always lived with this man, that under almost any condition a home I could call mine seemed delightful to me. Mr. McFarland never did any work while in Madison, or earned any money.

seemed delightful to me. Mr. McFarland never did any work while in Madison, or earned any money. I lived with extreme economy and he had \$800 or \$900 left when he reached Madison, which with the addition of \$200 or \$300 more which he received from the sale of a tract of land which he owned somewhere, bought the furniture for our little house and supported us for the 14 months we lived there. At the expiration of this time Mr. McFarland began to grow more and more morose and ill-tempered, and told me finally he was getting out of money and had no way of getting any. He endeavored to get a public office of some kind in Madison but was not supported even by those on whom he counted as his friends. I had attracted some attention in private circles by my reading and had given a public reading for the benefit of a soldier's hospital. On this Mr. McFarland proposed to me that he should take me to New-York and have me fitted for the stage in the profession of an actress. He also announced that he should himself adopt the profession of an actor in case my success became assured. He had been at some time a teacher of elocution in a military school in Maryland and he began training me in the reading of stage parts.

In June, 1861, he sold all our little furniture in Madison and brought me East, first going to my father's, in New-Hampshire, to leave my little Percy, so that I could devoje all my time to the stage. He made no secret of this to my parents, who did not approve of this step on his part, but did not interpose, on the conservative Puritan ground that even the parents have no right to interfere in the affairs of husband and wife. We went to New-York, boarding first on Beach-st., and afterward with Mrs. Oliver, at 58 Varick-st., in the same vicinity. As soon see we see settled in the first of the places, Mr. McFarland began drilling me for the stage, which, I may say here, was the first and only instruction of any kind whatsoever he ever gave me; and he also sent me to take lessons of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Vandenhoft,

make a success in dramatic readings, by which I was supporting both him and myself. I was still very young, and very proud and retient. I had a most unusual cheerfulness and elasticity of temper of I never should have lived through so heavy trials. He would lock himself into the room with me, and give way to such terrible furies that only the extremest pride, and self-control prevented me from making my misery known. He brought home what he professed was prussic acid, and threatened to take it and to force me to take it. He would snatch my seissors from my work-basket, and, tearing open his breast, he would brandish them about, swearing he would "let out his heart's blood" before me. He told me (then a shrinking giril) that he kers loaded pistols, with which he would at any moment shoot me. He left me one evening, declaring he should shoot a gentleman because he had invited me to join himself and wife and another lady in a party to some public picture-gallery, although I had the most general acquaintance with the party and refused the invitation as soon as made. He rarely professed to be jealous of me, however. My conduct gave him no shadow of a canse. I owe it to myself to say that in my long and painful life I have seen many happy women, shielded by kome, by loving and good husbands, and all that protects and guards a woman's honor, and that never have I seen one thus guarded and cherished who was more faithful to her wedded vows than I was to the unhappy marriage relation in which I lived, under the protection of a drunken and brutal master, and obliged again and again to leave the boarding-houses I called homes to earn the means to pay for their shelter. So much I shall say, even at the risk of seeming overbold in saying so. And in all my journeys away from Mr. McFarland, when I went alone to read in public, my prudence protected me even from gallantry or compliment, and I made my successes among the best and most conservative audiences.

One morning during this Winter which I am now describing, after Mr. M

aying a word.

In these furies he would often seize and break

saving a word.

In these furies he would often seize and break anything which was at hand—lamps, glasses, mirrors, and sometimes the heavier furniture of the room. Often he would rise from bed in these incontrollable attacks of passion tearing away all the bed-clothing, tearing in shreds his own night-clothing, throwing anything he could find which was breakable crashing about the unlighted room, till it has seemed to me as if there could be no Pandemonium worse than that in which I lived. And all this he would do without explanation or even a pretext for complaint against me, and when I knew no more what excited his frenzy than a babe unborn.

He would sometimes keep up this conduct and this abuse for hours, without a syllable or a motion being made on my part, and would then burst into tears, beg my pardon, say I was the best woman who ever lived, and then go to sleep exhausted. I never told him after this Winter that I could forgive or could love him, although he sometimes implored me to do so, because I could not say so with truth. Generally 1 told him I pitied him, which was true. Sometimes he said, "Your d—d silence irritates me more than if you talked;" but I was sure my course was the best.

At the time he struck me this severe blow in 1802 I told Mrs. John F. Cleveland (a sister of Mr. Greeley, who had been very kind to me in my dramatic readings) about the blow and something of Mr. McFarland's conduct to me. I did not tell her all, nor the worst, but I told her how he had struck me, principally because I was engaged to read at the house of some friends of her's an evening or two after, and I feared she would notice the mark on my face. She was the only person to whom I ever spoke of Mr. McFarland (otherwise than in a manner becoming for a wife to speak of a husband) till the Winter of 1867. And I devoted all my woman's skill and tact in hiding his conduct from casual observers at our boarding-houses or elsewhere.

In the Spring of 1863, Mr. McFarland got appointed to a position in the office of one of

In the Spring of 1803, Mr. McFarland got appointed o a position in the office of one of the Provost-In the spring of legs, since a consolidate from the follower of the ProvostMarshals under the Enrollment act. I went to see
Mr. Greeley in company with his sister, Mrs. Cleveland, and also to see several other persons, to get
influence for Mr. McFarland. In doing so I acted
under Mr. McFarland's orders, and against my own
feelings, which always revolted at the idea of seeking office for him, though he never scrupled to use
my efforts. As soon as he got this office I ceased my
reading in public and my preparations for the stage,
and in the Spring after he was appointed went home
to my father's and remained a short time. Then McFarland summoned me to New-York with Percy, who
was ill at the time and hardly able to travel. I objected to leaving home, when he sent peremptorily,
saying "he would burn my father's home over my
head" if I did not come. I arrived in New-York in
August, and was there a few weeks when the physician said Percy would die if he were not sent back to
the country, and I again returned to my father, and
stayed till November. In November, 1863, I came
back to New-York. We took room for a few weeks
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stayed till November. In November, 1983, I came back to New-York. We took room for a few weeks on Varick-st., but soon removed, early in January, to No. 16 Lamartine-place, West Twenty-ninth-st.
During the Winter of 1882 and 1863 I had met Mrs. Sinclair often at her cousin's, Mrs. Cleveland's, and she had shown me many and great kindnesses. She had given me her parlors for one of my readings and had sold the tickets among my friends. At the time Mr. McFarland received his appointment in the Provost-Marshal's office she used her influence and her husband's influence to get him appointed. No person living has a stronger claim on the gratitude of this unhappy man than the neble woman whose charity he has so abused. In this Winter of 1863 and 1864, while we lived in Lamartine-place, we were Mr. Sinclair's neighbors. One night while there Mr. McFarland came home so bruised and bleeding from some street broil—a not uncommon occurrence on his part—that I was obliged to call on Mr. Sinclair for aid in getting him in bed. It was only three or four weeks before the birth of my youngest child or I should not have done so. Then I kept Mr. McFarland in his room for more than a week, carrying his meals to him myself, that his disgrace might not be seen and commented on by the household where we boarded.

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meals to him myself, that his disgrace might not be seen and commented on by the household where we boarded.

From the time he got his place in the Enrollment Office in '63, until the Fall of '64. Mr. McFarland sent me home three times, and moved me to eight different boarding-houses. If, for one moment, I was peaceful in the possession of a shelter, his habits or his dissatisfied temper drove him to change. At last, in the Fall of 1864, Mr. Sinclair offered us, rent free, his unoccupied farm-house on the Hudsen River, and we moved there for the Winter of '64. During this year my youngest boy Danny had been born on one of my visits to my father's house. I stayed at Croton, in Mr. Sinclair's house, all Winter, and, during the Summer, in a small tenement, which we rented there, and which I furnished very cheaply with \$200, borrowed by Mr. McFarland from my father. Here Mr. McFarland's conduct was more endurable, for he was away nearly all day, and the quiet and pleasantness of the country when he came there, I fancied had a good effect on him. In the Summer of '65, however, he lost his place under Government, and seemed to make no further attempt to do anything. He informed me one day that he was out of a place, and had no money. Then I told him I supposed I should have to give public readings again. As usual, when I made such suggestions, he swore at me in his terrible way, but made no other answer. I went on and made my arrangements to give dramatic readings; gave several before leaving Croton, and then, with some of the money I had raised, I went to my father's, who had now moved to Massachusetts, and from his house went away to give several other readings in New-Enghand, leaving the children with mother. At this time I paid the bill to the physician who nitended me at Danny's birth, now 18 months old, which had been all this time unpaid. I also arranged with Messrs. Hurd & Houghton this Fall to print a little book for children, called "Percy's Year of Rhymes," which I had written during the Summer. From Bosto

under it.
On one of these days Mrs. Sinclair came in. I had never said a word to her about my troubles, and she

had been too delicate to broach the subject to me. When she went away she put a little paper in my hand, and after she had gone I found it was a \$50 bank note. Next morning came a letter from her inclosing another \$50 note, which she said was a present from some other friends of mine. I confess, I could not endure such a wound to my pride. I had been reared in comfort and plenty, and in my veins ran some of the prondest blood in Massachusetts. I knew not one of my kin had ever taken alms. I had to use some of the money sent me, for we were absolutely pinched with want at that moment, but the next week I sold all our furniture, which was bought with meney borrowed of my father, and parted with many articles of comfort which had been sent to me from my home, and with the proceeds of the sales I was able to send back the money to Mrs. Sinclair, telling her I could not yet receive alms from my friends. But her indefatigable friendship did not cease here, and she sent me back much of it in clothes and other necessaries. Then in April, 1896, she and some other friends arranged a reading at Steinway's. Mrs. McFarland abused me in his usual violent way for giving this public reading at Steinway's. He argued that if I wanted to read I had better go out of town to do so, that it disgraced him as a gentleman in the eyes of the public for his wife to read in a city where he had acquaintances. He made this an excuse for petting grossly intoxicated on the evening of the reading, and of this collected the whole receipts of the evening, and gave me \$25 out of the whole amount to pay my fare and the children's to my father's house in Massachusetts, reserving the whole amount to pay my fare and the children's to my father's house in Messachusetts, reserving the reading, and of this collected the whole receipts of the evening, and gave me \$25 out of the whole receipts of the evening and gave him for some irregularity in paying his income fax, and Mr. McFarland told me this man had given him the money if he would not tranship his

most supreme fear.

While here, in the Winter of 1868, I had met Mrs. L. G. Calhoun, and during this Summer at Shelburne, I had corresponded with her. I have been most fortunate in my friendships, but I never knew any woman more loyal to affection, more overflowing with tenderness, more ready with helpful sympathy than she. My whole nature, usually reticent, went out to her in confidence and friendship, and I had written from the Mountains asking her aid in getting an engagement on the stage. She had succeeded in arranging an engagement at Winter Garden, the theater which Mr. Edwin Booth controlled, and a place which we both considered particularly fortunate for a lady to be connected with, on account of Mr. Booth's position as a gentleman lin private life, as well as his eminence in his profession.

This Fall of 1868, while at Newark, I saw the manager of Winter Garden, and my engagement was

ager of Winter Garden, and my engagement was made certain at a salary of \$20 per week. I wrote this to Mr. McFarland, who still remained behind in Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, and also wrote him that I could not and should not stay longer at his brother's. He came down to New-York shortly

Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, and also wrote him that I could not and should not stay longer at his brother's. He came down to New-York shortly after this, borrowing money in small sams of my father to pay his expenses back, and took me from his brother's and to a wretched boarding-house in Amity-st. near Sixth-ave. Here he borrowed some money of Mr. Sinclair, and gave me \$25, which is it he last money I ever received from him. This was in October, 1826. He left me at this house, informing me that he should probably not be back very much of the time during this Winter.

Then I was so worn out by the anxieties and the terrible weeks I had spent at Newark that I broke down and was ill at this strange boarding-house, alone with my two babies. While here, Mrs. Calhoun called and found me in this condition, and, going home, she wrote a note in which she told me, in the most delicate manner, that whenever I wanted money her purse was at my service. The same day Mrs. Sinclair called, and, shocked at the wretched and desolate condition in which she saw me, took me and both my children to her house. Assoon as I was there and had begun to recover, Mr. McFarland came back and made his preparations to come there also. As gently as I could I told him Mr. Sinclair's house was over-full, and if he were coming back to town I must get a place somewhere for all of us. It was then about two weeks before my engagement began at Winter Garden. Mr. McFarland instructed me that I might get board for myself and the children but only occasional board for himself, as he should be absent about the gas business most of the time. I then engaged board in Macdongal-st., in a very respectable house, where I had a small atticroom for all my family. As soon as I got here my health again gave way, and I was ill in bed nearly two weeks. It was only by sheer force of will that I got up from bed and dragged myself to the theater to begin my engagement to write for The Riverside Magazine, and one day during this illness, when Mrs. Calhoun found me

away, and interested the managing editor of The Independent in my work, so that he sen me word he would take some of my stories for his paper.

As soon as I went on the stage (this was the 28th of November, 1896) I told the woman in whose house I had been boarding about three weeks, of my new profession. She immediately told me that she could not possibly have an actress in her house, and I must get a new place as soon as convenient. As quickly as I could I found a new place at No. 86 Amity-st. I went to No. 86 Amity-st. about the 16th or 17th of December, 1896. On the 29th of December I had an engagement to read at Salem, Mass., before the Lyceum Lecture Course. My mother had written us that if I would bring on one of the children she would take him and take care of him for an indefinite period, because she feared I had too much to do with the two children and all my other duties. So I concluded to take the youngest child Danny to my own home on this journey to Salem. I played at the theater the night before starting for Massachusetts, and was obliged to sit up nearly all night to get myself and child ready. About 1 o'clock in the night McFarland came home in a state of beastly intoxication. He was past talking then, but toward daylight, while I was getting ready to take the morning train for Boston, I roused him, and told him I had been intending to take Danny home, but now I thought I would take both the children and leave them with mother till I could do something better, and come back and separate myself from him entirely, that I could not possibly work as I was doing and bear his habits any longer. On this he professed great penitence, begged me to try him once more. Said he would do better if I would give him this one trial, &c., &c. I did not believe him, but I hardly knew what to do, and I finally went off with Danny to my mother's. This was the morning of the 19th. Read in Salem the 20th, seturning to New-York the 21st, and going to the theater the same evening. At New Yor's time I foolishly allowed M

humiliation to write, because my habits of concealment were so natural and difficult to overcome, I glozed over some of the worst facts. I concealed the fact of his hopeless intemperance, and I tried, with all the humanity and justice which was in my nature, to speak most gently and impartially of this unfortunate man. The following is the exact copy of the first confidence I ever made to this loyal friend of my anxieties and struggles:

JAN. 2, 1867.

of my anxieties and struggles:

My Darling and Comporter: I have seated myself with the intention of writing you a long, long letter; eftelling you some things which I have never before told any one; but which, kept secret and brooded over, seem to eat out my beart and consume my life day by day. I was miscrably unbappy vesterday, all the latter part of the day. Yesterday morning, after I had got all ready to go to Mrs. Sinclair's, after I had kissed Percy "Good by," and had my parcels in my arms ready to take them over, some little impatient words I said fritated Mr. McFarland, who is very sensitive and quick-tempered. It arose from my asking him to help me carry some of my bundles, and his resenting it, and our both getting a little bit angry. I did not say half as much as I hear women every day say to their husbands, without its being remembered on either side. I should not have remembered it one instant, but he does, and I went away without smoothing out the snarl. It was perhaps a little perverse, but I got so tired of constantly smoothing and coaxing. But all day I was nervous, when he did not call with Percy as he had promised, and I was very anxious. I could not get away in the evening without showing how uneasy I was, so I stayed. When I got home, I found Percy in bed, hugging up a book with which he had got himself asleep—alone. After an hour or two of agonizing waiting, waiting—listening for footsteps, and dreading to hear them—which are only a few of the hundreds of hours I have spent so—he came in, two-thirds intoxicated and very morose. I asked him why he could so spoil my day, and cause me so much unhappiness, and he answered that "I had treaded him outrageously, and he should spend the New-Year's as he chose."

Two weeks ago—the morning of the Tuesday before I went to Salem to read you remember—I got utterly dis-

from the West, before he took the position in the ProvostMarshal's office, his habits were again dreadfully bad,
and he drank in a way in which none of my friends mistrusted it. He would go out evenings and spend them in
low barrooms, and come home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the
morning recking with liquor. Three times he has come
home beaten and bruised. When he is drunk, all the
good in him is turned to evil; he is simply and truly a
fiend. Undisciplined in his temper in his best moments,
he has then been dreadful.

My darling, I have spent hours and nights in scenes
before which tragedy grows pale. I have no words to
speak of them.

I have tried and do try to do my duty. I have the
most sincere pity for this unfortunate man; my heart
bleeds for him. I try, Heaven knows, to be as
patient as I can. With all my troubles, my life is net
as unhappy as his. My heart and soul are my own; he
cannot touch them. I pity him, but I do not love him
enough to let him wound me to the quick.

I don't know what to do—what course to take. I want
to be advised. I kave written these wild words, incoherently, I know, since writing is not my natural method
of expression—to get some of this weight off me, and I
have tried to write justly. I know I must in some way
protect myself from Mr. McFariand's mode of revenging
any careless word upon me. I have half made up my
mind to-day to tell the Sinclairs that I fear the encroachments of his habits. I dread my future so much,
and I have my bables to think of beside.

Yesterday he drew two weeks of my salary at the
theater and paid the week's board bill, and I fear
will spend a good deal of the money, which we need so
much, in liquor.

much, in liquor.

Don't come to me after reading this; I fear I shall repent writing it. Yours always,

P. S.—I just went down to breakfast and left him in bed. When I came up he was gone! I shall be so anxious till night.

pent writing it. Yours always, P. 8.—I just went down to breakfast and left him in bed. When I came up he was gone! I shall be so anxious till night.

The evening after I thus wrote her, Mr. McFarland not coming home, I went to Mrs. Sinclair's, before going to the theater, and told her what great distress I was in. She then told me she had been herself to Mr. McElrath, who was a friend of Mr. Sinclair's, and had asked him for a place for Mr. McFarland, in the Custom-House, and he had promised to give him one. "But," she added, "if he gets drunk habitually, I can't ask Mr. Sinclair to recommend him, because Mr. McElrath will not give a man of such habits a place." I then implored her to say nothing about it, because he must get the place, else I should not know what to do with him; and she promised to say nothing of it, unless something more was done on Mr. McFarland's part.

Within a few days after the 1st of January, 1867, I found the boarding-house at No. 86 Amity-st. intolerable, for various reasons, and removed to No. 72 Amity-st., taking the back parlor and extension-room for my rooms, and preparing our meals for myself, Percy, and Mr. McFarland. The rooms were very comfortable, and I rented them from a Mrs. Mason, who herself rented half of the house. I took these rooms somewhere in the first or second week in January. I had not money to move from the other boarding-place, and, on informing Mr. McFarland of the fact, he told me he "should think I would borrow it from Mrs. Calhoun, as she had loaned me money before." and I went to her and borrowed \$25, in addition to other sums received from her, before going to this house at No. 72 Argity-st. At this new place, besides going nightly to perform my part at the Winter Garden, I wrote during all of spare moments, being then engaged to write regularly for The Ricerside and the children's column of The Independent, and endeavoring to do work for other papers; and I also did all the cooking for three persons, a large part of the washing and ironing for three, an

ter before she went away; but I felt as if I could not consent to this, and told her so. Mr. Oliver Johnson told me afterward that she did speak to himself and his wife of her great anxiety for me, and her fear that Mr. McFarland would murder me in some of his

his wife of her great anxiety for me, and her fear that Mr. McFarland would murder me in some of his paroxysms.

After Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Sinclair were gone, I devoted myself more closely than ever to my work. Mr. Richardson was there in the same house. Ho had been there a few days, perhaps a week, when they went away. On the evening of the 19th of February, when Mr. McFarland came in from the Custom-House, where he had been employed since the 1st of February as clerk in the office, procured for him through the influence of the Sinclairs, I was standing at Mr. Richardson's door in the front hall, and he was just handing me some manuscripts which he had offered to lend me to make use of, if I could, in some literary work. Mr. Richardson's room was used as his working-room; and at this time, as at all parts of the day, he had with him a stenographer, a messenger-boy, and an artist, who were engaged in his literary works. When Mr. McFarland came in he objected to my going to Mr. Richardson's room, to which I replied that "I had not been in, was not in the habit of going there, and even if I had been in there, it was not a private room, but an office, in the day-time." With this the matter dropped, and I supposed this was all of it; but in a few moments Mr. McFarland commenced to say something again on the same subject. I saw he was in ill humor, and I supposed the wished to make anything the protext for one of his passions, and I said little or nothing. From this he worked himself up into a great fury, in which I left him to go to my necessary work at the theater. He continued in this rage through the night, and I spent a terrible night with him. All through the next day (the 20th) he remained at home abusing and tormenting me. He used to me expressions which I never could forgive or endure; and, still harping on the fact of my being at Mr. Richardson's room, asked me before Percy, who was all the time present: "Did Mr. Richardson ever kies you!"
"Have you ever been in his room alone with him!" and others which

"Have you ever been in his room alone with him I" and others which I considered insulting and unpardonable.

He was under the influence of liquor all day, remaining at home, and going out every little while to the nearest bar-room to drink, and then coming in still more furious. At last he declared he was willing to be separated from me, and that I might go home to my father's and leave him. When I assented to this, he wanted to bring in some of my friends to talk the matter over before them, but I refused to talk the matter over before them, but I refused to talk the matter over before them, but I refused to talk to enumer over before them, but I refused to talk counsel from any one till my father could be sent for. And I only prevented him from rushing out and calling in some of my friends by representing to him that he was then so intoxicated that his cause would be prejudiced by that fact.

On the evening of the 20th, before going to the theater, I secreted his razors, his pecket-knife, my seissors, and all articles I considered dangerous—as I frequently did on such occasions—and left him. When I came home he was still raging. He frequently had made threats of committing suicide, often going out of doors with that avowed purpose. On this occasion, about midnight he bade me an unusually solemn "eternal farewell," and told me that this time he was errainly going out to destroy himself. He had done this to many times that I said nothing, and

this occasion, about midnight he bade me an unusually solemn "eternal farewell," and told me that this time he wascertainly going out to destroy himself. He had done this so many times that I said nothing, and made no effort to detain him. At the door he hesitated, and asked if I had nothing to say "in this last parting." I said, "I can only say that I am hopelessly sorry for yon." He went out, and in a few minutes returned, as I knew he would cooled and sobered by the cold night air, and then, it being nearly merning, as mildly and firmly as I possibly could, I began to talk with him. I told him decidedly that I should leave him forever, that I had borne with patience for many years great outrages from him; that he had made my life miserable, and had often put me in great dread of my life; that I could not endure it any longer; that by his outrageous conduct for the two days past, and by the language he had used when he found me at Mr. Richardson's door, he had added the last drop to my cup of endurance, and I should go away from him at once. On this he groveled at my feet in the most abject penitence. He wept and sobbed, and begged me to forgive him. He confessed that he had wronged me, that no woman would have borne with him as I had done, and about daylight went to sleep exhausted.

The next morning I did not allude to my purpose, but after seeing him leave the house for Mr. Me-Elrath's office I went to Mr. Sinclair's and placed myself under the protection of his roof, and never afterward saw Mr. McFarland except once or twice in the presence of others.

MR. RICHARDSON'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH ME AND HIS CONNECTION WITH MY CASE.

Up to the time of his coming to room at the same

ing-place. He also said that at the house where he lodged were some vacant rooms, and that if I were to look at them and liked them he would himself speak to the landlady of my profession, and the tot look of them he would himself speak to the landlady of my profession, and the stem of thought is he would not object to it. On this I called next day at the house where Mr. Richardson lodged, looked at the vacant rooms, and saw him at the time for a moment in the front shall. The rooms were too expensive for me, and I took lodgings at that time at No. 86 Amity-81. Shortly after this, about the last of becember, Mr. McFarland, who fancied Mr. Richardson had some influence in the Facilic Railroad, sent me to call on him to ask for his aid in getting a place as clerk or something of that kind on that railroad. He had not then received the place promised for him in Mr. McFarlands of the stand of the course of these matters he sent me several notes, one of them inclosing a letter of introduction for Mr. McFarland to Mr. George F. Train, asking some favor of him on the Pacific Railroad, which I believe Mr. McFarland presented without result. These notes were all written by Mr. Richardson's stenographer, all of them unscaled. They related to the favor I had asked of Mr. Richardson at Mr. McFarland's suggestion, and this was the extent of my acquaintance with Mr. Richardson up to January 20, 1867.

After I removed to No. 72 Amity-st., Mr. Richardson being obliged suddenly to change his lodgings, and knowing I was living nearly opposite in the same street with himself, came to see if he could get rooms there. I introduced him to Mrs. Mason, the lodging-house woman, but beyond that had no interest or influence in getting him installed there. Mrs. Mason, who is an Irish woman, and in full sympathy with Mr. McFarland, has in this case made many erroneous statements. If I had any feeling about Mr. Richardson's coming to take a room so near Mr. McFarland and myself, it was one of aversion, from the fact that he could not be the